

Wednesday, Nov. 23, 1944



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Sweetheart;


You're very wonderful, most beautiful, extremely lovable, and missed like hell by me. Everyone is starting to think that I am not altogether happy in the service. Strange thought. They can blame it all on you if I am not though. How could anyone be happy with someone like you waiting 10,000 miles away, to be loved. Mmm! Mmm! I am an unhappy boy. Do you blame me, Darling? It just happens that I love you more than anything in the world and always will.

That job I told you of in yesterday's letter turned out to be an awful flop so far. I hope it redeems itself soon. The slip they were supposed to send over here requesting that I go to work at the personnel office never did come through so I had to go out on training yesterday afternoon. It wasn't so bad though, we had a problem to do and got it over with fairly early. Then, since there was no ship here telling them that I was to go on special duty, I was nailed for a detail which required that I arise at 2:45 A.M. to eat breakfast and prepare for the detail. Some stupid — — — in the next tent kept me awake till 11:00 P.M. arguing whether the outfielder on a baseball team could tell where a ball was being hit just by the sound of the bat cracking against the ball. Finally got them shut up and got a little sleep — very little because Sgt. Brodie was in to awaken me at exactly 2:45. Ate breakfast, a rather sorry meal today because we had the ~~saltiest~~ saltiest bacon it has ever been



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my displeasure to eat and the driest, powdered, scrambled eggs I have ever tasted. We're never going to eat dehydrated foods in our house Honey. No matter how good ~~the~~ Life magazine says they are. It's all a damned lie. To continue with the story of my detail: at 3:45 we fell out and marched over to the assembly area to await the arrival of the trucks. For an hour we stood out there in the rain until finally our platoon sergeant came out and announced that the detail was called off. The one consolation is that in view of the fact that we got up so early, we do not have to fall out for ~~the~~ training today. That's always a help.

Yesterday, while on the bike, something very amusing occurred. We stopped to take a break and one of the fellows sat down on his helmet liner with his knees apart thusly:  before him lying on the ground was an unopened can. Some fellow decided it would be fun to jump on the can and did so. It split in two places and two streams of a semi thick, greasy, whitish liquid squirted out ~~in~~, one stream hit him between the eyes and the other squarely in the crotch. It wasn't so funny for the fellow but was certainly amusing to the rest of us.

Monday night I went to see the picture "Gambler's Choice" with Chester Morris. About halfway through the picture it started to rain so we took off. Last night Red and I went back and saw the end of the picture. It was a fairly good picture concerning cops and robbers and shooting, etc.



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Five minutes ago Sgt. Brodie informed the men who were to have been on that early morning detail, that we would have to report for duty anyway. Just as I got all ready to leave the detail was cancelled for the second time. It has just now, for the third time, been called on again. I'm thoroughly disgusted. Damn this goddamned nonsense.

Later.

That last call to duty turned out to be the real thing and we did go to work. Our job was to take crates off some trucks and put the trucks together. Don't be alarmed, it isn't as if I made them. We just had to put on accessories such as windshields, sideboards, steering wheel and wheels. I was sitting in the cab of one truck which had not had its wheels put on and which had its rear end hoisted up in the air. I was given the strategic job of pressing down on the brake pedal while the others put the wheels on. I had to do this so the wheels wouldn't turn as they worked on them. It was a very good job, altogether in keeping with the amount of energy I was prepared to expend after all that fooling around which was the preliminary to our going to work. I was able to do a sketch of the work while I sat there with my foot on the pedal.

Sgt. Brodie just came in with the story that we have fresh turkey tomorrow, Thanksgiving Day. I hope so because it surely would taste good to these poor
G. I.



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Thanksgiving Day seems rather an ironical event this year. I haven't got a heck of a lot to be thankful for when I'm so far from you. Last year to the day, I was in the library talking to you and basking in the wonderful light of your smile. Even made my first date with you then. You looked quite beautiful all dressed up so very nicely and all. I remember how, ~~for~~ before I asked you for that date I sat you up on the banister at the head of the library stairs and just stood there talking to you and admiring you. I don't think that anything I said could have made much sense because I was so absorbed in just looking at you that I couldn't possibly have spoken coherently, but as you didn't seem to be aware that anything was wrong with my prattling, I can only conclude that you too were quite absorbed. I suppose I should be thankful that I will be back with you some day soon, but I can't see it that way. Each day away from you is one day which we cannot recapture and one day less that I can spend with you. When I think of it that way I can't be thankful. Still I am very thankful that we did meet and am very happy in the thought that someone so very wonderful is waiting for me. I do appreciate you Darling and realize how lucky I am.

In one of my letters home I must have told Mom and Dad to expect to have a daughter in law as soon as I returned to the States. Strangely, this



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did not seem to come as a surprise because Mom said that of course she had known that all along and that I couldn't possibly have picked a nicer girl. I think she also suspects that she will have a son in law because Pauline is quite serious about Charlie. He is now in South Carolina in the Army. Arthur also seems to think quite a lot of Anita. I don't think Mom cares too much about her though. That's what I gather from her letters.

Your mother seems to have quite an idea for getting that cloth cut up for your rug. Ammmm! Who was it said "Beware of guests bearing gifts." That's what you do, eh. Invite a lot of people to a party and then, after having fed them, just thrust shears in their hands and tell them to earn their meal. Tell your mother I'm surprised at her. She'll have me thinking that the only reason I was invited to the house was so that I could wash the dishes.

That poem you sent me in defense of the bathtub was very good and I had not previously read it. The author really is an ardent tubite and, although I favor the shower myself, I do also like a tub bath occasionally. We'll have to have both. A big tub tho because I like to stretch out and relax. The part of the article on the steps entailed in getting in a tub was very humorous. Thank you for sending it, it was appreciated.

My idea of making Christmas cards for sale isn't too practical because without some method of re-



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producing the cards it takes too much time to bother. I'm just going to sell a few that I have promised and the rest I will send out to friends and relatives. Whoa! What makes you think I'll make one for you, eh? I might but then you never can tell. I'll let you know what I decide later.

A couple more mornings like this one and I'll have a very nice tan. I worked all morning with my shirt off. It felt very good for a change. Here in camp the only time we can take off our shirts is from 10:30 A.M. to 12:30. At that time Sam usually doing some heavy bunk fatigue.

Brodie just told the squad that we have turkey tomorrow and no one will believe him. He tries quite hard but nobody recognizes his ability. That's life for you. Brodie also announced that the request for my services at personnel just came through. I'd about given up on that.

Goodbye now my very dearest sweetheart. I will leave you now but will be back with you tomorrow, so don't go away. Until then, just tell yourself over and over that I love you with all my heart and don't ever let yourself forget that for even a minute, Remember to that Sam

Yours Forever
Freddie